Volume LXXVI CHICAGO, OCTOBER 21, 1915 Number 8

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

OCTOBER'S TAPESTRY

By the mountain stands October,
Like a weaver brown and old;
For his warp he uses sunbeams
Threads of palpitating gold;
And the loom spread out before him
Is the forest dim and green,
While his shuttle, plying swiftly,
Is the wind of autumn keen.

For his woof he chooses colors—
Amethyst and purple lost
In the blue of smoke and shadows,
In the gray of early frost;
Vivid carmine, saffron, amber,
Faded tints the summer left;
Mauve and lilac softly blended—
All these form October's weft.

All day long I hear the music
Of his shuttle and his loom;
All day long I watch him weaving
Till the stars begin to bloom.
And the figures on his fabric,
As each day they brighter grow,
Seem the forms of flow'r-like faces
Of the Junes I used to know.

—*Alice E. Allen.*

Lippincott's Magazine.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 115
The Sunday School Worship Service 117
THE PULPIT—
Seven Sermons of Love for the Battle-Torn Peoples; Re-inforcements of Faith. II.—"Why Love England?" 121
CONTRIBUTED—
A Greeting from the Mountains.—N. S. Hoagland 124
SELECTED—
The Patriotism of Training Camps 119
"Japan's Plans to Invade America."—K. K. Kawakami 125
POETRY—
October's Tapestry.—*Alice E. Allen* 113
The Fringed Gentian.—*Edith M. Thomas* 115
Song.—*Florence Earle Coates* 125
THE FIELD—
Peace Lectures by Jenkin Lloyd Jones 126
The Security League Meeting—Observations of a Spectator.—Alfred W. Kliefoth 126
The Voice of the Little Peoples.—(*Continued*)—*Literary Digest* 126
Books Received 127
Change of Address.—Charles W. Wendte 127

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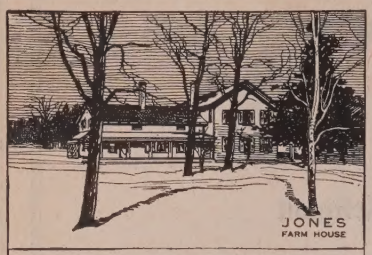

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME LXXVI. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1915. NUMBER 8

THE FRINGED GENTIAN

Once, to the Angel of Birds far up in the rippling air,
From low on the sun-loved earth the Angel of Flowers breathed a prayer:
"Four plumes from the bluebird's wing—and I'll make me something rare!"

Four plumes from the bluebird's wing, as fast to the South he flew!
The Angel of Flowers caught them up as they fell in the autumn dew,
And shaped with a twirl of her fingers this spire of feathery blue.

—Edith M. Thomas.

"The Prophet is not without honor save in his own country." This is scripture of high authority, but even the prophet has his triumphs at home, if he can live long enough, as is proven by this item from the *Shelby County Leader,* published in Shelbyville, Ill., the home of our venerable but still effective Brother Douthit, under date of October 14:

"When a man lives past four score years in one community, years filled with busy deeds and well-won honors, and then the loving friends come exulting to show their love and esteem, there is but little left for one to wish. Rev. Jasper L. Douthit was born near Shelbyville 81 years ago last Sunday, and as was fitting the anniversary was kept at Lithia Springs, since the inception of that popular chautauqua and its 25 years of success are largely due to Mr. Douthit's personal labor of love and sacrifice.

There are so many devoted admirers of the reverend gentleman that the reception filled the grove. At noon time the well filled baskets were opened and an old-fashioned camp-meeting dinner was followed by adjournment to the Library chapel, where Mr. Douthit preached a sermon of remarkable earnestness and vigor."

A sympathetic friend writes:

"By all means do your utmost for peace, even if you are a voice crying in a wilderness of guns and graves. God knows we need every voice that has a note of wisdom and pity in it. Often I fear that our country will suffer more from the war, spiritually, than any other land—suffer from fatty degeneration of the heart.

"Nevertheless, the ultra pacifist position seems to me to be impossible, if not immoral. Had Washington held it, there would have been no Republic. Had Lincoln held it, there would be no Union now. There is a middle ground wherein lies wisdom and love."

It is hard to know just what even a sympathetic friend means by "ultra pacifists." If the records are to be trusted it would seem that Jesus comes into that class, as surely Buddha and their associates. It is surely true that emergencies change conditions. But the race has grown and humanity as individuals can profit by experience. Does anyone doubt but that Lincoln and Robert E. Lee realized, what both had a vivid apprehension of in 1861, that there was a better way than the war way. I have frequently asked my friends on and off the platform for a list of the "ultra pacifists" that are moluscular, wanting vertebræ, the alleged anemic and hollow chested "sissys," "molly-coddles," etc. There has been, and still is, in the scheme of life on earth, a place for horns and fangs, claws and tusks, used purely for purposes defensive and offensive, but nature is eliminating these methods and with the growth of brain, the development of wit, these coarser instruments are aborted. The "ultra pacifists" are those who believe now that at least among would-be civilized nations, the better way is possible, the larger vision has come and the true protection of nations lies in their righteous dealing and honorable intention, that armaments are irritants, that the disarmed nation is safe, as one hundred years of the history of the United States proves, if it conducts itself on principles of amity and is willing to submit its case at any time on any issue to a competent court of equity. "Preparedness" for war does not become a nation that has demonstrated its ability to hold its place among nations by the power of reason and the sway of love. The "ultra-pacifists" can be trusted when all other resources fail. The wit and the development that leads them to trust the moral forces will not be inadequate to direct the brutal power in self-defense when necessary. The "ultra-pacifists" are those who believe in international comity, who recognize the bonds of brotherhood that are not broken by trenches or bounded by barbed wire. "Peace-at-any-price?"—yes. Virtue-at-any-price? The sanctities of life at any price? This sneer is akin to the old dogmatic cry of "mere morality in religion" which led Emerson to exclaim, "As if one should say, "POOR GOD AND NOBODY TO HELP HIM!"

The much announced "Security League" has at last materialized into a "Demonstration at Orchestra Hall." The Chicago Dailies in these days are nothing if they are not militant. Their columns are explosive with alarm and the editorial scissors are diligent in clipping the claws of the Pacifists. Their words are "blue penciled" or buried in the editorial waste-basket in the interest of patriotism. These papers announced an "enthusiastic audience of 3,000 people" and exploited the words of a President of a great University, the ex-Secretary of War, and an honored Judge of Chi-

cago, all of whom are men of commanding positions, whose words carry weight when they are spoken in the interest of ideals and represent faith not only in the now but in the future. From such men as these we have a right to expect prophetic messages as to how to make the future better and, in a profound way, different from the past. No eminence of position or office will make a visionless conservatism, a backward looking eye other than disappointing. However justified the tradition of a Secretary of War may be in harking back to the horrible "Preparedness" that is deluging Europe with blood, the time is here, it seems, when academic vision and legal training ought to see the better way and to lead in the higher heroism. Surely the American people are not to be deceived by those who in the interest of safety are playing the game of tin soldiery. Our militant friends are free with their epithets of "sissy men" and "mollycoddles." The "anemic pacifist" has been paraded on their platforms and ridiculed in their editorials to the amusement of many, to the hurt of none. Much "glory" has been enhaloed around the modest heads of the patriots who have been suffering the "six weeks' privations" of a soldiers' camp, at Plattsburg and Fort Sheridan in order to save their country. We think it not wholly untimely or ungracious to report this "Patriotism of Training Camps" as it appears to a student of Peace and War, of academic training with a fair amount of youthful virility, who has the courage of his opinions and whose love of country is not content to "love it right or wrong," but love it when right and labor to set it right when wrong. We commend the article published in another column on the "Training Camps" and we offer also on page 119 the "Observations of an eye-witness." It goes without saying that our reporter is not a member of the staff of any of the Chicago Dailies. This isn't the kind of a "story" that would be acceptable to the editorial mind filled with national anxiety over the military imbecility of the United States.

The publication of an engraving from the painting by A. Forestier of the Signing of the Treaty of Ghent between Great Britain and the United States on the 24th of December, 1814, at Ghent, Belgium, carries with it more than artistic or historical interest. The painting is claimed to be the result of the careful investigation of historical material and the actual surroundings and settings in a room of the old Carthusian Monastery. The room is being "restored" and is to be set aside after the war as a permanent memorial of the great treaty. Of the six American delegates, the name of John Quincy Adams heads the list, and Henry Clay's name appears among the signers. In the face of all this panicky clamor for "preparedness" and the screaming anxiety of even women for greater "security," this picture ought to be widely circulated. It shows a cheaper and much more effective way of securing protection from war than the building of battleships, because this treaty worked and has been enforced for nearly 101 years. The longest and one of the most sensitive boundary lines, economically considered, has been kept inviolate because no battleships have fretted the waves of the Great Lakes for a century and no fort with bristling cannon has irritated the boundary line of nearly 4,000 miles in length. Nothing has prevented the American cowboy from hunting a stray steer over the line in Canada and nothing has prevented the Canadian lumber-jack from crossing the line with his buggy on a Sunday afternoon to take his American sweetheart out riding. Cannot the Treaty of Ghent be renewed and when renewed can it not be trusted? So the "English terror" will be removed. Have we not just demonstrated that under the most irritating conditions, when the nerves of both parties were excited almost to a state of inflamation, that diplomacy without battleships is efficient between Germany and the United States? While the militants on both sides were ready to cry out for war, President Wilson with his diplomacy, and belligerent Germany with its wisdom, found the better way. If diplomacy were equal to this highly inflammable emergency, can it not be trusted when reason sits more securely on its throne on both sides of the Atlantic? Thus the danger of invasion and capture by Germany is provided for. There remains but one great European power that possibly could be provoked into violence and that is the Republic of France—the France of LaFayette, of Gambetta and Victor Hugo. Must we double our Navy in order to protect ourselves from Fance, with England pacified and satisfied with 100 years of experience, with Germany conquered by good sense and right feeling and France on our side anyhow? What have we to fear? Why this insane clamor for more protection? Where is the other enemy that scares the "Army and Navy League" with its alleged academic and feminine backers into sleeplessness? O, there is the "Yellow Peril" from the East! China? But China is a fell illustration of the calamity that overtakes unpreparedness and has survived for 4,000 years because of its non-military foolishness. Japan? O yes, Japan! Japan is formidable! Is it so dangerous? Read the article in this week's issue entitled "Japan's Plans to Invade America," written by a well-known author, a Japanese who has lived long enough in this country to understand both sides of the question, and what is better, has a heart that is big enough to span the Pacific and love both the United States and Japan.

The Sunday School Worship Service

The following letter has lain upon our table for some time awaiting an opportune time to be answered. The letter is typical. The writer represents so many questioners who at one time or another and in one way or another, have brought the same problem to our notice that we publish our friend's letter in the open pages of UNITY, hoping that its suggestions may be of use to others.

"Our Sunday School is looking about for a new song and service book. We find among the publications of our own society nothing that quite satisfies our local wishes. Some of us object to the book we are using on the ground that its phraseology is too often obsolete, saying more about praising God than serving our fellow men. We feel that by confining its language so largely to the Bible it sacrifices a great deal of the world's richest inspiration. . . . . Would you please tell me what you are doing in your opening service and if you use a book in published form, how we could get a copy of it for examination?"

The present writer out of an experience of more than forty years offers an answer with more hesitation than he probably would have done twenty years ago,—speaking only out of his own personal experience and after a good deal of experimenting with the same Sunday School for over thirty years.

The Sunday School of All Souls Church worshiping in Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, has for many years discarded all use of service books and in the discarding it has greatly increased, as we believe, the impressiveness of the opening service. The attention, the dignity, the concentration, the almost perfect discipline during the opening exercises have been secured partly by the abandoning of the disturbing, and to the little children, absolutely unprofitable and distressing, "Service Book." This has been done successfully by recognizing as applicable to Sunday Schools, principles that underlie all successful liturgies, namely:

1. SIMPLICITY. Comparatively few elements in the worship.
2. CLASSIC DIGNITY. The words used should deal not only with high sentiment but with high sentiment nobly expressed.
3. REITERATION. Great sentences do not weary the mind by repetition. Repetition deepens the appreciation. Even grown up people recur in moments of stress or exaltation to the familiar phrases of fire-side and altar-side. We love the old hymns best and they are old because they were, if not are, the best.
4. THE RECEPTIVITY OF THE CHILD MIND. Children memorize readily. Sound pedagogy makes much of storing the mind, while young, with classic things. Children like to recite what they know and things acquired in childhood represent the last as well as the earliest treasures of the soul.

In order to carry out these principles thoroughly, there have been no memory helps used *in* the Sunday School. For many years the elements of our services were not in print. But because the simple service of the All Souls Sunday School had become so dear in their familiarity and their power confessedly increasingly felt in the homes, when the Church equipped itself a couple of years ago with the new edition of the "Unity Hymns and Chorals," edited by William C. Gannett and F. L. Hosmer, a supplement of forty pages was printed and bound with the book. This supplement containing such elements of the services,—"home-made" songs and hymns and tunes which through the long years had become dear and useful. So that now these pages contain most of the elements used in the opening service of the Sunday School.

This year, to meet the needs of the new pupils, to freshen the memory of the old, the following little slip has been printed, distributed among the children with instructions that those parts not already familiar are to be committed to memory at home with the help of the parents. The references are to the pages of the Unity Hymns and Chorals, Revised Edition. Great pains and considerable time was taken to introduce a copy of this book into every home in the parish before it was put into service in the pews. But for the benefit of the children who come to the Sunday School from homes not interested in the church, or, who for any other reason have not access to the Hymn and Service Book, the Sunday School teachers are authorized to lend for a limited time the book from the church. Here follows the order of service:

All Souls Sunday School

ORDER OF SERVICE FOR 1915-16

THE REFERENCES ARE TO UNITY HYMNS AND CHORALS
(To be committed to memory at home)

1. Trumpet call on organ. 9:25 a. m.
2. Call to worship. 9:30 a. m.
   "Come ye, serve the Lord with gladness," etc. Page 127.
3. Unite in repeating Hymn 86. (For the present first stanza.)
4. Response. Gloria No. 3. Page 162.
5. Ruskin's Creed—*Together*. Page 199.

[For the benefit of our readers we here insert the modified form of "The Creed of St. George."]

We trust in the Living God, Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth. We trust in the kindness of his law, and the goodness of his work. And we will strive to love him, and to keep his law, and to see his work, while we live.

We trust in the nobleness of Human Nature, in the majesty of its faculties, and fullness of its mercy, and the joy of its love; and we will strive to love our neighbors as ourselves.

We will not kill nor hurt any living creature needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing; but will strive to save and to comfort all gentle life, to guard and to perfect all natural beauty on the earth.

We will obey all the laws of our country faithfully, so far as they are consistent with what we believe to be the law of God; and when they are not so, or seem in any wise to need change, we will oppose them, not with violence, but deliberately and loyally.

We will strive daily to raise body and soul into higher powers of duty and happiness; not in contention with others, but for the help, delight and honor of others, and for the joy and peace of our own lives.

We will labor, with such strength and opportunity as God gives us, for our daily bread; and all that our hands find to do, we will do with our might.

6. Choral Response:
"Blessed are the poor in spirit," etc. Pages 138-139.
7. Psalm CXXI. Recited responsively.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains:
From whence shall my help come?
My help cometh from the Lord,
Which made heaven and earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:
He that keepeth thee will not slumber.
Behold, he that keepeth Israel
Shall neither slumber nor sleep.
The Lord is thy keeper:
The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.
The sun shall not smite thee by day,
Nor the moon by night.
The Lord shall keep thee from all evil;
He shall keep thy soul.
The Lord shall keep thy going out and thy coming in,
From this time forth and for evermore.

Together:

SEARCH ME, O GOD, AND KNOW MY HEART;
TRY ME AND KNOW MY THOUGHTS;
AND SEE IF THERE BE ANY WICKED WAY IN ME,
AND LEAD ME IN THE WAY EVERLASTING.

8. Prayer. [Always by the minister and very brief] followed by "Our Father," chanted.
9. To close. *Together:*

"Let the grandeur of man be discerned, not in bloody victories, but in the blessings he has secured, in the good he has accomplished, in the triumphs of Justice, in the establishment of perpetual Peace."

—*Charles Sumner.*

The musical numbers indicated in Nos. 2, 4 and 6 above, are changed this year in the interest of variety and in order to acquaint the children with a greater number of the elements used in the church service, but it is interesting to note that the change is made reluctantly on the part of teachers and pupils because they have become so attached to those which they had used for years, and we realize that it will be some time before the new refrains will be sung as well and loved as much as the old ones.

In the place of No. 2 above we have used:

"Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness," page 137.

For the response No. 4 we have sung:

"Praise and exalt Him above all forever," etc., etc.

This refrain has been carried over from the old days when they used the Unity Sunday School Service and Songs. It was so missed from the new edition that it was reproduced in the supplement because so many had learned to love it.

In place of No. 6 above, we have sung for years an adaptation or a discovery during the day of our dearth of hymn-books:

"If ye love one another,
If ye love one another,
God dwelleth in you,
God dwelleth in you,
And his love is perfected, perfected in you."

Music on page 200 of Supplement.

In place of No. 3, Hymn 86, which is now being learned, the Sunday School has repeated months at a time, in concert, the ten commandments, or, Emerson's "Out from the heart of nature rolled," a selection of fourteen lines ending with

"One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost."

They also know and quickly respond, even though it has not been used for months, Edwin Markham's "Teach me, Father, how to go," or Henry D. Thoreau's metrical prayer:

"Great God, I ask thee for no meaner pelf
Than that I may not disappoint myself."

Or Robert Louis Stevenson's prayer, beginning,

"Give us grace and strength to persevere."

No. 7 of the responses, Psalm CXXI, is new, but the nineteenth Psalm, the Beatitudes, the Thirteenth Chapter of I Corinthians, have been used for many years.

In place of No. 9, which is new, the school has repeated with liturgical dignity, George Eliot's

"Things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, because of those who have lived faithfully a hidden life and rest in unvisited tombs."

Or Samuel Longfellow's

With wider view come loftier goal!
With fuller light, more good to see!
With freedom, truer self-control,
With knowledge, deeper reverence be!

See No. 329 in Hymn book.

We beg our skeptical friends to take our word for it,—the children *do* learn these services and repeat them with a degree of choral dignity. They *do not tire of them.* It *does* command the attention of the whole school, and during the opening service scarcely less dignity prevails among the children than among the members of the adult congregation during similar services. These assertions are based on the experience of many, many years, but the minister has *always* conducted the opening exercises when not absent from the city, the teachers have been *regular, earnest* and *sympathetic.* At first they accepted the plan because they were willing to follow their minister's wish, then they persisted in it because they found it *worked.* They love it with the children and not for many, many years has there been any evidence of a desire to return to the Egyptian flesh-pots of a printed page.

A word about the singing. The All Souls Sunday School has been as independent of the book during the singing as during the service. They have used instead stenciled charts, black letters on white cloth, mounted on rollers and displayed from a convenient rack set on casters. All these mechanical details have been the work of evolution. They have come slowly but have at last reached a stage of efficiency that seems to call for no further change. And these tools are very necessary. In addition to the great advantage of being relieved from the bother and confusion of hymn-books comes the pedagogical advantage of centering all eyes to the front, the chart being easily read from all parts of the room, and the other advantage of comparatively few hymns, selected

from a much higher range than are usually suffered to be "adapted to children." Some of our most beloved songs are those the words of which are written by some of "our own poets" and adapted to music by our chorister. We sing much more "grown-up folks things," taken from the church hymnal, than are found in the average over-stocked and confusing Sunday School collections. Here again the advantage of reiteration and the consequent high selection is a great spiritual as well as pedagogical asset in the life of All Souls Sunday School in Chicago.

We do not know whether this can be made to work elsewhere. We hesitate to recommend it but after these many years we venture to put in print something of our method and to dare assert that for *this school it has worked well.*

If the plural "We" has crept into this article, it does not mean the editorial "we," but the "we" that includes the Sunday School children, teachers and ministers of All Souls Church, Chicago.

The Patriotism of Training Camps

The citizens' training camps as institutionalized recently in the United States, notably those at Plattsburg and Fort Sheridan, are growing evidences of a national state of *avoir peur*—the being afraid of something. These camps are a companion movement to that of the "Security League" and "Defense Associations," which will provide splendid timber for next year's convention planks. The first mentioned movement, however, is not totally a new movement. It is only a few decades ago when the *avoir peur* of the times resulted in the building of huge battleships, whose existence would place our country in a position to dread nothing and hence the dreadnaughts.

What, then, is the compelling motive of the citizens' training camps?

In reading the roll call one is struck by the prominence of the majority of "Rookies" in citizen life. Bankers, politicians, college professors—in short, all businesses and professions are equally represented. It is no wonder, then, that the training camps receive public attention and favor. Hundreds of people daily motor to the camp, while Sundays the estimated attendance numbers almost ten thousand. Perhaps after all Dame Fashion is the modest mother of this latest social function, for the name "Rookie" will henceforth be the open sesame of society's doors.

It was also my privilege to spend a day at the camp conversing with the men, peeping into tents, inspecting trenches and watching the drills. These sights were not strange to me, for I have witnessed them before at the state militia encampments; moreover, as a student of one of our state universities created by Congress to provide an uncensored and free education, I was obliged to take two years of military training in order to receive a degree. But no doubt my experience was merely an indication of the "real stuff" as I was told by a regular. The day of my visit to the camp was the first real cold wave of the season. Thick sweaters, warm clothes and heavy coats gave evidence of this fact, not to mention the numerous groups of men huddled about the army stoves in the confortable tents. This manifestation was one of the few that apparently did not result from a "state of mind." It was in one of these tents that I visited with three privates, three out of the six regular occupants. I was much surprised to find any of the "Rookies" here, for I was told that all the companies were busily drilling or digging trenches. Moreover, each of the privates reassured me that only because of the unusual cold had they dropped out, and, of course, all three were not afraid of the weather, but temporarily suffering from slight colds on their chests.

"How is it," I asked, "that you are permitted to leave the ranks and come here to warm up?"

"Well, it is against the rules," was the reply, "but the officers are very kind and do not notice us when we leave."

They further assured me that none of the rest had returned. Later when I peeped into twenty other tents I found two or more in each, and all begged to assure me that they were the only ones suffering from slight colds. After this inspection tour I walked over to the trenches. For more than a week the daily papers had been reporting their progress, and a great interest was shown in their construction. The reports of the war in Europe speaking of the hundreds of miles of trenches housing millions of men, also compelled me to see what they are like. Naturally I expected to see a sample of these underground apartments, and anticipated a surprise. No doubt it was a surprise, for, as a fellow visitor expressed it, "why, any good Irishman with a short pipe in his mouth and a strong spade in his hand digs more trenches a day than these fellows dig in a week." Of course it must be remembered that these men were untrained to physical work, and their hands are soft (otherwise they would not wear gloves), so what can one expect. The wire entanglements were of equal importance, and undoubtedly will demonstrate a valuable lesson in modern warfare! More important was the marvelous bearing of the "Rookies" themselves. I was also struck by their intense desire to learn and to understand. But they were over-interested as children are in examining a clock. They were unanimous in saying that they could only learn to know how much there is to be learned. In answer to my oft repeated question, "Why have you joined the camp," they said, "I consider it my duty." (The "sense of duty," however, did not succeed in filling the required quota of five hundred men for the camp, and thus employers encouraged their employees to enlist. In some instances they sent them at their own expense. Clubs and organizations likewise desired to be represented and, as in the case of the Hamilton Club, it is reported that only two regular members enlisted, so the club quietly equipped forty-one from the many men that were "down and out" at a cost of $1,640. Like the Krupps of Germany and the McVickers of England, Americans are learning that there are profits in patriotism.) But when I asked, "What do you understand by duty?" I was told, "Well, that all depends." The *avoir peur*—the fear of something, but of what, they do not know. Nor were they interested to know. They were satisfied that this training was just what they needed (apparently they had neglected to make use of the gymnasia of their clubs) and thought they were having a bully time. They were learning

to walk straight, to take care of their belongings, their clothing, and to accustom themselves to regular hours. But are not these matters, I thought, that all of us should learn at home? Do we need any military training to know that it is healthier to walk erect than slouched, to care for our clothing, keep our rooms in order, and hold regular hours? Are we, perhaps, confusing heroism with clean living and courage with carnage? Is it necessary to go into a trench to demonstrate courage? And I was reminded of doctors and nurses, of teachers and mothers, of social workers and ministers who would find relaxation and comfort in the trenches of Europe. In my visionary idealism I thought of a civic gymnasium, if you please, with compulsory physical training; of monuments erected to people who sacrifice their lives so that their community might be healthier, more moral and a better place to live in. But since we are not perfect, as another "Rookie" informed me, we must be more patriotic and more ready to fight if necessary. And so we organize training camps and build navies. We reason like children who, when matters of disagreement occur, carry stones in their pockets, a stick in their hands and cut faces at each other so that they will be protected. But we do this on a national scale and expect to strengthen our international friendships.

And all this is the name of patriotism. Again I was reminded of Europe, where each country was relying upon the patriotism of their people to carry them through the present struggle. I wondered what the "Rookies" understand by patriotism and militarism?

In reading a number of letters sent by the enthusiastic "Rookies" to their friends, I have come across expressions as follows:

"Fort Sheridan. In Camp.

"Dear George:—In accents of glee and confidence I stand pat with the contemporary bard who said, 'This is the life.'

"For a fact, I *never knew it was so easy to be a patriot.* It's no trouble at all. All you have to do is to carry out commands. You don't have to figure out anything for yourself.

* * *

"The marching around makes you rather tired, but you don't think much about it. *In fact thinking is rather discouraged as being a hopelessly civilian vice.*"

"(Signed) C——."

The patriotism of the "Rookies" is best expressed in their own words, as reported in the *Chicago Herald* of September 22, 1915:

Congressman Martin B. Madden, private in Company A: "They are leaving nothing undone to make this training camp a great success and to carry the gospel of preparedness to the American people, the effect of which will be far-reaching."

Edwin F. Clipson, financial secretary of the Press Club, private in Company C: "I'm ready to go out and fight for my country any day."

Fred M. Alger, Detroit, son of former Secretary of War Russell A. Alger, private in Company A: *"I'm going back home brimful of patriotism and ready to fight if necessary."*

Charles Edward Kohl, vaudeville magnate, private in Company D: "I did not think there was so much of the military spirit in me until I started handling a gun today."

Fred C. Best, Milwaukee: "This is the stuff that brings out the best there is in a man and makes a true patriot out of him."

Harry P. Dolan, judge of the Municipal Court, private in Company D: "This is a training that every red-blooded young American ought to have."

That militarism is being fostered in the camps is illustrated by the following extracts from lectures given to the Rookies:

"As we sit here we all say we hope we'll have no war. *But in our hearts we know war is coming.*"

Again, another lecturer, an officer of the United States Army, said:

"War is a terrible thing, and there is not one man among you who wants to see this country plunged into it, but *deep in your hearts you all know nothing can prevent war in the United States before many years.*"

Here my reverie was broken by the mess call. But I should not have said mess, for it was a regular course dinner, as the menu shows. Oh, yes, "Uncle Sam" is careful that none of the "Rookies" should have cause to complain, otherwise they will not be good "properganders."

These details are negligible, however, in comparison with the important effect that the camps will have upon our country. Already the vital discovery was made a few days ago that Illinois is totally unprepared and Chicago without any protection from invasion, with the exception of Fort Sheridan on the northern frontier. Then upon further investigation it was discovered that nearly all of the states are unprotected. Not a single fort is on the Canadian frontier, but not a word was said about the treaty of peace and disarmament agreement between the United States and Great Britain which has lasted over one hundred years and resulted in an unfortified boundary line and the unpatrolled Great Lakes. The second vital discovery is that five hundred of Chicago's citizens needed discipline and physical exercise, and that their case should serve as a shining example of the country's need. On this basis of reasoning millions of American laborers and farmers might oppose preparedness, for they get plenty of exercise in the factories and on the farms, and are able to achieve this noble condition with hammers and pitchforks, instead of guns and cannons. How profitable would it be for our soft-handed city people to spend a month or two on a farm or in a factory each year? It would be cheaper for the tax payers and just as beneficial for the health of the "Rookies." Any power that we have to compel costly military control, demonstrates that we have the same power to compel every youth to attend a civic gymnasium and to work in summer camps until he is fit. When he is fit for peace he will have made the best preparation for any war occasioned by our still carrying unnecessary chips upon our shoulders.

In no captious spirit and as a patriot who believes in the greatness of his country, do I see a great menace in the training camps, the latest method of Prussianization. I believe it an insult to every man to lay claim to his patriotism by telling him it is his duty to carry stones in his pockets. The more we arm the more are we bound to keep apart from the other nations. It is the coming together of nations that will end war for all time. But never before in the history of any nation, either Germany or England, did the militarization of a country proceed as rapidly as in the United States today. Will we call a halt and arm ourselves with common sense, or will we load up with dynamite and wait to explode? SPECTATOR.

Oh, young people, live wisely the beautiful years that welcome you; those who are strong and in the midst of life's work, live nobly, live to make the world better; and you who watch for the setting sun, speak words of wisdom, to guide, of hopes to cheer—and then pass on through the gates of night to the rising of a great new day.

—*Rev. H. W. Thomas.*

THE PULPIT

Seven Sermons of Love for the Battle-torn Peoples

Re-inforcements of Faith

II.

"Why Love England?"

Sermon Preached October 3, 1915, in Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

Prayer.

Father, help us standing this morning in the foremost files of time, to feel the beauty and the glory of our inheritance, the strength and power that Thy providence poured into our veins at birth. Help us to realize with grateful hearts that we opened our eyes on this world-wonder with our eyes already focused for beauty. Help us to realize that when first this universe broke upon our ears, they were tuned to melody, already committed to harmony. And, Father, when these minds of ours first undertook the high and mystic tasks of thinking, our brains were already organized for wisdom, trained to reason. We thank Thee for this inheritance through eye, ear, brain and heart. Heirs of all the past, may we be children not of today or of this place, but children of the ages and citizens of the world.—Amen.

SERMON.

"Why do I love England?" Because it contains Stonehenge, the great and mystic witness of a lost religion and a forgotten age. The papers recently announced the quite un-English event, the selling of Stonehenge for $35,000. But Stonehenge cannot be sold. No title deed can be issued by mortal man or registered in human court that will make Stonehenge anything other than a symbol of that rich inheritance of England, the poetic, marvelous tide of life that poured its vigor into the veins of the modern Englishman from pre-Christian times. Stonehenge with its attendant "Druid circles," "rocking stones," "cromlechs" and "meinhirs," and all the other relics of the pre-English world hint at the rich sub-soil out of which England has grown. They tell of a marvelous people that, in the fullness of time, grew into a nation with noble national aspirations.

I love England because it is the home of King Arthur, the only royalty in English history worthy of our reverence and growing respect. His existence is questioned, but King Arthur as the ideal of the Round Table was the forerunner of English democracy. He represents the marvelous blend of Druidism and Christianity, that furnished, as Leigh Hunt says, a third of chivalry. The stories of King Arthur and his Knight,—the quest of Sir Galahad and the knights of the Round Table,—are of such benignant nature that they incited throughout Europe a love for home traditions and an enthusiasm for the national tongues that made our English literature possible. These stories not only lie back of English lore and poetry, but on them are deeply founded French, German and Scandinavian traditions. I love England because it was the home of Arthur, the seat of Druidic life and love.

I love England because it is the cradle of freedom. There the struggle with kings and artificial nobility began early. Its history contains the story of the *Magna Charta,* the *Habeas Corpus Act,* trial by jury and the brave deeds connected therewith. England represents the defiance and leadership of Cromwell, the England that went away from home with Pastor Robinson, who at Leyden spoke the prophetic word sending English men and English women across the seas charged with the commission to seek deeper into the sanctities of Holy Writ. For there was more to break out of the pages of their scriptures than had yet been discovered. New revelations were to be expected.

I love England for the Roger Williams it cast out and that its Puritans would have naught of, but who went forth to Rhode Island to lay the foundations of the first historic commonwealth ever technically and literally committed to religious freedom.

I love England for the nobility of its non-nobles, its struggle to elevate the toiler. The England that, when its titled nobles, its masters of legislation, its cabinet officers, weakened in the presence of the calamitous financial problem which the Civil War in the United States visited upon them, found unnumbered thousands of cotton spinners in Manchester and Birmingham and elsewhere who said: "We will starve if by starving we can make common cause with those who seek the freedom of any human brother, however dark his skin." I love England for the cotton spinners who remained loyal when even her great premier Gladstone failed us as he realized and confessed later he said "with incredible grossness" I threw my sympathy on the wrong side.

I love the England of Sir Thomas More, who, in his "Utopia," anticipated not only all the dream commonwealths that have enriched our literature since, but most of the achievements of our so-called Republics, and who in that book still offers us in our boasted free country an unrealized program to strive after for another century.

I love the England of John Ball, who away back in medieval times, led the working men of England up to London to demand their rights. I love the England of John Ruskin, the favored child of culture, whose brain and nerves were attuned to an art so delicate that even the artists of today can scarcely understand, much less realize it. Yet in the midst of all his high art studies and inspirations he turned aside to pour the wealth of his trained mind and sensitive heart into the incomparable "Letters to English Working Men." For eight long years these letters came out month by month, but he died with scarcely a response. Sadly he said, "None of you have written me." I love England for the great Carlyle, who broke through sham and pretense, borrowed the thinking of his great colleagues on the continent, the great broad leaders of thought in Germany, and made himself prophet not only of England and of Germany, but of his age and the world.

I love England for the upward striving of its laboring men, lately called to mourn the death of their leader James Kier Hardie. I love England for its great peace maker, Wilberforce, the father of the emancipators of modern times, who succeeded in breaking the shackles from English slaves without firing a gun, securing an emancipation which the United States had to buy with half a million lives and four years of fratricidal war.

I love England for George Fox, William Penn and John Bright, men who anticipated all our noisy peace societies and peace workers and struck deeper than most of our would-be peace agitators dare go today. They formulated for us in fullness the ultimate gospel of international disarmament, based not on eco-

nomics or diplomatic considerations but on the development of the human soul to the point where it will not consent to destroy the life it cannot restore. Thomas Carlyle said that the greatest event of modern history was not the battle of Waterloo, Peterloo, or Austerlitz, but it took place when this cobbler, George Fox, stitched for himself a perennial suit of leather and then left the shoemaker's bench and went out into the world to preach the emancipation of the soul from outward form or loyalty to external scripture and pledged unqualified loyalty to the inner spirit. Our own historians skip lightly over the greatest triumph in American history, the greatest political innovation in the history of governments; that was achieved by William Penn, the Quaker, who met the naked and dreaded representatives of what we call "savage" people without sword or gun and entered into a pact of peace that lasted to the end, making Pennsylvania the one realm which the red man turned over into the custody of his successor, the white man, without violence or bitterness. I love England because it gave to the world George Fox, William Penn and John Bright, whose vision to the end was unclouded by national conceits, unrimmed by any island boundaries.

I love England again for her great philanthropists, of whom I need name but two. These two did more to revolutionize the thought of governments and the functions of public officers on philanthropic lines than any other two of their time. John Howard transformed the prison-pens of Europe, where unfortunate men and defective women were chained to rings in their cells like cattle in a stall. He saw the potency of tenderness, the wisdom of kindliness. He has been in his grave many a year but his work is still going on. Florence Nightingale, the sensitive, tender child not only of culture but of luxury, dared go where trained physicians with blanched faces hesitated, on the gruesome and wicked battlefields of the Crimea, thereby not only saving lives but laying the foundations of the most daring and benignant institutions of modern times. Whatever the trained nurse is now, whatever she has accomplished and is doing, is traceable directly to this little sensitive daughter of England. I love England because it was the home of John Howard and Florence Nightingale. They were not unique or exceptional, but typical children of England.

Then I love England for her great heretics, for her thinkers and her philosophers. I love her for Francis and Roger Bacon, Isaac Newton, Charles Darwin, Huxley and Tyndall. I love her because she sent her bold son, Thomas Paine, over the water to enlarge the courage of England and the world with his matchless contributions of "The Crisis," "Common-sense," "The Rights of Man" and "The Age of Reason."

I love England for her martyrs. Cranmer offered to the flames his right hand that it might first expiate the cowardice which it once exhibited in signing a retraction. I love her for Latimer, who said to Ridley, on their way to the fire that burned them in the Oxford ditch, "Be of good cheer, Master Ridley, for today we will light a candle in England that will illumine the world." I love England for the successors of these brave martyrs, the Unitarian heroes who were bereft of their rights and risked their lives for conscience sake—Joseph Priestley, who, though master of science, stood in the pulpit and declared a Gospel big enough to enclose his laboratories, interpreted a gospel that was willing to take as texts in the Bible of the Eternal, the discoveries of lenses and solvents. When the lower England, the passing England, burned his library and home, he escaped to America to the wild woods of Northumberland, and there laid the foundation of a religious organization that was big and bold enough to keep abreast of science. The first drect Unitarian society in America was organized by this great Englishman whom I love. I like to think of the splendid succession,—Joseph Priestley, Bishop Colenso, Dean Stanley, Charles Kingsley and the Arnolds, father and son, all of them enemies of dogmatism, prophets of the open faith, advocates of the gospel of love.

I love England for its great art treasures, its mighty cathedrals, glorious even in their ruin. York and Salisbury, Westminster and Canterbury, Tintern, Furness and the greatest and sweetest of them all, Glastonbury, with its magic thorn-bush, planted, tradition has it, by Joseph of Arimathaea, which blooms out of season at Christmas time. We may not find the blossom of the Glastonbury thorn at Christmas as promised by the fable, but Glastonbury Cathedral contains, according to the fable, the remains of the great Arthur, upon whose tomb was engraved in stately Latin, "Here lies Arthur, King that was and King that is to be." The King that was may be a matter of doubt but the King that is to be, the Arthur of Democracy and beauty, the Arthur of Glastonbury fame and fable, is surely coming to his coronation. I love England for this great promise.

If I knew more I could confess more intelligently the ground of my love of England in her great artists of more modern date,—Turner, Watts, Burne-Jones, Sir Frederick Leighton, Millais, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the rest of them,—but that is a story beyond my reach though not beyond my catalogue.

I love England most of all for its prophetic voices that have sung their faith in deathless measures. I love the little island because it was the home of the big Shakespeare and his high retinue, Milton, Shelley, Wordsworth, the Brownings, and Tennyson, and running parallel with these her great novelists, Dickens and Thackeray, Kingsley, George Eliot, and, to name him out of time, the greatest of them all perhaps, John Bunyan. These names represent the English of the England I love. None of them were misplaced. They came in the order of time and were the logical children of destiny. Robert Browning said, "My father turned his back on a fortune because he could not endure slavery in the West Indies and accepted instead a humble clerkship in a London bank which he occupied to the end of his life." I love the England which gave birth to such a man.

It ought not to be a surprise, though it may be so in these days of patriotism, to re-discover the words of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in which she foretells the coming of an English statesman who will stand up and assert of some suggested policy:

> "'This is good for your trade; this is necessary for your domination; but it will vex a people hard up; it will hurt a people farther off; it will profit nothing to the general humanity; therefore away with it! It is not for you or for me.' When a British Minister dares speak so, and when a British public applauds him speaking, then shall the nation be glorious, and her praise, instead of exploding from within, from loud civic mouths, come to her from without, as all worthy praise must—from the alliances she has fostered, and the peoples she has saved."

I love the England that produced such a prophet soul, such a woman seer.

I love most, then, the English people that represent the non-English England. No "island" is the home of Shakespeare. And although England dared call Milton back from his search for culture on his way to Athens, the home of his heart and brain, that he might become the foreign secretary of Cromwell, who was fighting for democracy, Milton is no island Englishman. He belongs to the non-English England that grew out of English soil.

There is a militant Anglo-India. I will not stop to speak of its iniquities in the dark background of Warren Hastings and Lord Clive, but the foreground is illumined by the great triumph of Sir William Jones, the scholar who was sent out there for the purpose of defending the right of English merchants against the supposed heathen aggressiveness. His soul was big enough to discover, away out there on the borderland of humanity, away off there in Asia, the home of all the religions, a distinct, profound literature, and a profound philosophy. He bent the energies of his genius to bring to cultured Europe the astonishing surprise that over there was the mother of Greece and Rome, the grandmother of all our western languages. Now all scholars who know enough to know it, unite in praising the Sanskrit language. I love that non-English England that is represented by the republic of letters, by the triumph of science, by its world-inclusive humanity, by its world-encircling literature.

The England that I love is, or soon will be, ashamed of the passing boast that "Britannia rules the waves." It will rise into the higher patriotism that will sing, "Britannia rules the minds of the world!" It will set going the waves of love, the boundaries of which are the eternal boundaries of life, enclosing the love precincts of the All Father-land.

I love England because I hate crowns—hate them with an eternal hatred, God helping me. I love the England that is slowly but surely retiring the landed baron and promoting the toiler, the man of the English cottage who keeps the wayside hedges trimmed and makes the byways of England radiant as a park and fragrant as a flower bed. I love the England that is superior to all its kings and queens. The less said about some of these the better. The noblest pages in the history of English royalty are those written for borrowed royalty—William the Silent and Albert, Prince Consort. They are men to love, these are names to conjure by. The benignant, good-natured Victoria, made her greatest contribution to English life when she imported and married Prince Albert.

I love England for the complexity of its blood, because through ways that are dark and sometimes tricks that are vain, it has succeeded in blending the greatest race complexities to be found on the globe, Angles and Saxons, Jutes and Danes, the Norman and their later complications of Welsh, Irish, Scotch, Manxman, and Cornish, all of the various peoples were poured into that caldron of destiny which we call England. They were stirred and stirred, not by the witches' ladle, but by the divine wand that makes history progressive and keeps the human race still advancing, however it may be with individuals.

I love England for the vast reaches it represents, from Bobby Burns to Shakespeare, from Tom Hood to Milton, aye, from Darwin and his consecrated laboratories to Sir John Franklin lost in Arctic snows, and to that most heroic figure of our day, Captain Scott, writing, writing, writing, in his Antarctic frost-home, with fingers growing helpless from freezing, those records that have been saved though the man was lost. Oh, I love that England.

More than all, I love England, not for its "glens and streams," though they have been immortalized in melodious verse, not for its "rocks and rills," which are celebrated in the patriotic songs of all countries, but for that conquering compound, the English language. This is the best measure of the England I love. Its spelling is frightful, its pronunciation is impossible, its articulation and emphasis are grating and harsh to the ear trained to more developed languages, but it is the inoculated soil of social schemes and dreams. The farmers are told that we can raise alfalfa in Wisconsin if we can only get the soil properly inoculated. We must transplant germs favorable to this desirable plant. The English language is planted rich with the germ thoughts of freedom, the germ thoughts of fellowship, the bacteria of progress, and he who learns to read the language of Shakespeare and knows that "well of English undefiled" of the King James version of the Bible, is already on the way to free thought, broad views, splendid dreams.

In the sixth century, when Gregory, a young man, touched with an ardent missionary passion, noticed in the market place of Rome, some recently brought captives,—so the well known story goes,—he was struck by the graciousness of the youths, their bright eyes and radiant faces. And he said to the slave keeper. "Who are these?" "They are prisoners of war." "Of what people are they?" "They belong to the Angles." "Right you are," said the missionary, "Such faces and such forms should become angels. From what country have they come?" "From Deira." "Right again," said the missionary, picking a Latin meaning out of the Saxon word. "They should be saved from the wrath of God. Whose subjects are they?" "Subjects of King Aleia," said the slave keeper. "Surely I must find them and give to them the gospel, that they may sing Alleluiah." This story of Gregory indicates the promise and potency of the England I love, which still offers material out of which to make angels. It still needs the message that will remove it from the day of wrath, and teach it to sing the Alleluia of a brotherhood, too large for English boundaries but bargained for by the English inheritance in which I rejoice, of which I am part.

Oh, yes, "there is another side," but Fate has doomed the other records to oblivion and I will not interfere by putting off the forgetfulness one second by reference to it. Let the cruel wars, the degradation of kings, the tyranny of barons, the accursed conceit of battleships and guns find the forgetfulness which belongs to them while I sing of the England I love, in the lines of Helen Gray Cone:

* * *

Shatter her beauteous breast ye may;
The spirit of England none can slay!

* * *

Pry the stone from the chancel floor,—
Dream ye that Shakespeare shall live no more?
Where is the giant shot that kills
Wordsworth walking the old green hills?
Trample the red rose on the ground,—
Keats is beauty while earth spins round!
Bind her, grind her, burn her with fire,

Cast her ashes into the sea,—
She shall escape, she shall aspire,
She shall arise to make men free;
She shall arise in sacred scorn,
Lighting the lives that are yet unborn;
Spirit supernal, Splendor eternal,

ENGLAND!

Next Sunday I will tell you why I love Germany.

Benediction.

May Thy peace, Father, come into our hearts with the thought of Thy noble ones. May our love of country grow until it becomes the love of the world, and our sense of kinship expand until we are happy children in the great family of man. Amen.

A Greeting from the Mountains

Editor UNITY:

A summer spent among New Hampshire's hills is recreation and re-creation. This wonderful mountain state is not only a playground but a sanatorium for body and soul. To some it is a kindergarten or academy for the face to face study of how the earth was made and the living things, whether of fern or flower or bird or beast, that have here their natural home. Here, too, are altars of worship—exalted and resplendent. Few so shallow and poverty stricken of spirit, so blind or dull of mind, as not to be moved and thrilled by a sense akin to reverence, if not its very essence, in the presence of these sweet, majestic mountains, with the home like, pleasant valleys twining between in many a mellifluous sweep and curve. Anon the clouds curtain the purple majesty of the hills as if the vision of scenes celestial were too much for mortal man to see and live. But even the clouds, finer in texture than an angel's wing, as they swing low in the valleys or sweep majestically and with such bewitching grace up the broad slopes of the hills, and all so silently and gently, even these on their hither side are visions of grace and majesty that smite one with a thrilling sense of wonder, admiration and awe, purifying the soul as the very breath of heaven. Many who come here to play, remain to worship if not to pray. No wonder it is a favorite place for ministers of every denomination, who here seek renewal of strength and vision at these natural altars of worship, and seldom seek in vain. Denominational lines fade in the presence of these majestic hills. Last Sunday, in the little village near where this is written, I with other Unitarian guests of the same host, attended a Baptist Church. It was communion Sunday and the invitation was to "all who loved Jesus and would learn of him." It was so broad and sincere that we felt cordially included, and without question partook in unity of heart and shared the blessed benediction of the heart touching service. The sermon was broad yet firm. It may have just happened that there was nothing sectarian or narrowly doctrinal about it. A few Sundays before, in another hill-crowned village, I was asked to fill the pulpit of the "Advent" Church in the absence of the pastor, and they never asked me to what denomination I belonged, and I did not tell them! For aught I know they are as yet not informed and I mistrust they do not greatly care, which I take it as being to their credit. From the janitor up to the deacons they expressed sincere appreciation for the sermon and reinforced it with a five-dollar bill, in spite of my assurance that there was no expectation of being paid.

I like to think that our own Starr King had much to do with discovering the beauties and attractions of these mountains to the world, and especially to the reading world. His book, "The White Hills," written nearly sixty years ago, is still one of the best guides to the vantage points of appreciation, whether as poet, artist or humble worshipper at these open air shrines of majestic beauty and beatific grace. Quite fitting it is that he should have here an eternal monument ever green, broad-based and sky-towering—Mt. Starr King. The little village of Jefferson nestles on its broad western slope and I have looked out on it as I walked from day to day and have found it an unfailing benediction I would not wish to have missed. No one will dispute the fitness of giving Dr. Hale's name to one of these rugged Hills of the Lord—whence cometh our help. "It is one of the most beautiful mountains in all this region as seen from a point along the road to the village of Whitefield," said an intelligent observer who has spent many summers in this delightful wonderland. Dr. Hale, as New Hampshire's efficient and devoted state forester informs me, did much to make the mountains more accessible, and his was one of the earliest and most forceful voices raised in behalf of making this wonderful region a reservation for the people, through state and national ownership and control—a dream which in large measure in these good latter days has come to pass. About a thousand square miles of this mountain region is now reserved for public use and enjoyment. Henry Ward Beecher also loved this mountain region and for many summers came to Twin Mountain, not far from Mt. Starr King, for recreation and inspiration. Nor did he fail to proclaim his message to the assembled crowds which gathered in a big tent to hear his large and liberal gospel and to be thrilled by his majestic eloquence. A huge boulder more than half way up the hill, at the foot of which is the big hotel and the Maine Central R. R. station, is still called Beecher's Pulpit. I occupied it today, Sunday, October 10th. But I did not preach. I was preached to, rather. In the majesty of the purple hills some of their higher peaks cloud curtained, some showing sifted snow upon their higher reaches, in the entrancing beauty of the broad lower slopes, showing gold and green and crimson and all the shades between, in the bit of shining river looped like an ox bow in the valley where the scattered houses of the trim village nestles as in a cradle; in all this the voice of the living God was felt if not heard. Though I worshipped with a Roman Catholic congregation in the town hall before occupying the aforesaid "pulpit," and afterward heard the sermon of the elderly father in Israel who served the unattractive Protestant Church on the edge of the village; without saying anything derogatory of either place, for in a measure both were good. I am glad I was minded to climb the mountain sanctuary. As I close my eyes I see not the vestments of the priest but the golden splendor of the hills. I hear not the preacher in his well meaning exhortation, but the voice of the Eternal God of grace and beneficence, majesty and power. And yet we need the human touch, the sense of fellowship in our worship, despite differences in creed or even mental disagreement with what priest or preacher say. It is good to worship alone. It is also good to wor-

ship with others. The one does not exclude the other, but both may better minister to soul enrichment and true communion than either method to the exclusion of the other. The first book of any importance about the White Mountains, written a few years prior to that by Starr King, was also the work of an appreciative minister, the Rev. Benjamin G. Willey, whose family were natives of these hills. In it he gathers up the traditions connected with this region, dealing with experiences of the early explorers, the early settlers and the Indians, in which it is sometimes difficult to tell where myth ends and history begins. Without specific knowledge of the facts I should say that his gospel was a broad and liberal one. It is certainly that kind of a gospel he preaches in his book. I suspect that frequent visits of observation and appreciation to these hills would tend to broaden and deepen any man of susceptible mind. This is no new discovery, only a rediscovery it may be, for was it not an ancient poet-seer who said "I will look to the hills whence cometh my help."

N. S. HOAGLAND.

Twin Mountain, N. H., Oct. 10, 1915.

"Japan's Plans To Invade America"

Year after year the English stock of American-Japanese war stories, highly amusing, though somewhat mischievous, is increasing. In 1908, when Mr. Roosevelt sent a squadron of warships around the world, an anonymous German writer published in London an English pamphlet entitled "The War of 1908 for the Supremacy of the Pacific." Shortly afterward a more elaborate Japanese-American war story, "The Valor of Ignorance," appeared from the pen of Homer Lea, the self-styled "General," of what army no one knows. Then appeared the English version of "Banzai," a German book of much the same nature of "The Valor of Ignorance." The latest contribution to the stock is "The United States and the Next War," written by George Lauferti.

What is more natural than that some enterprising Japanese writers should emulate their American brothers (for the Japanese is highly imitative), and essay to produce entertaining stories of an American-Japanese war? In fact, one anonymous Japanese scribe "put one over" on the Homer Leas of America by publishing his war story with the imprint of a fictitious association whose high-sounding name was the "National Association of Military Affairs." He chose the psychological moment and published the story when the anti-alien land law had just been enacted in California. For all these well-laid plans the book never attracted much attention and has sold only to the extent of some two thousand copies. It has already been relegated to the limbo of oblivion, which is its due.

Now come certain enterprising newspapers in the leading cities of America publishing a condensed translation of this Japanese story under the blazing headline of "Japan's Plans to Invade America." These papers have outdone the Japanese author by stating editorially that the military society, which published the book, is presided over by Premier Count Okuma and is composed of cabinet members and army and navy officers. Such a statement, if made knowingly, is a criminal fabrication. That military society exists only in the mind of the Japanese scribe, and no one except him knows anything about it. We can respect even a jingo, when he pens a story of international war from patriotic motives, endeavoring to convince his countrymen of the necessity of powerful armament as a means of safeguard for his country. But a man who writes such stories from mercenary motives deserves the severest condemnation.

There is in Japan a governmental board named the National Defense Board (Kokubo-kaigi). It consists of seven members, the Prime Minister being ex-officio its president. No one familiar with Japanese affairs can confound this board with the fictitious National Association of Military Affairs (Kokumin-gunji-kiokai), which is the sponsor for the fatuous story, translated by the American papers. It may well be explained here that the National Defense Board was organized in March, 1914, while the book was published in June, 1913. There can, therefore, be no excuse whatever for linking the book with the defense board even in the remotest way.

Is the publication in New York of "The Valor of Ignorance," of "Banzai," of "The United States and the Next War" and similar other books an indication that America is determined to wage war against Japan? If it is, then the appearance in Tokio of "The Dream Story of the Japanese-American War" must be an indication that Japan is preparing to fight the United States. As a matter of fact, the vagaries of the Homer Leas are about as representative of the sentiment of the American people as the day dreams of their Japanese brothers.

It is, however, significant that stories of Japanese-American war, emanating from German sources, savour of an organized propaganda whose object is to estrange Japan from America and England on the one hand, and on the other alienate England from America. In "Banzai," for instance, it is plainly intimated that England betrayed the Caucasian race by entering into alliance with the Japanese. The book also tries to instill in the minds of Americans the idea of German friendship and to destroy the belief that the British and Americans are true brothers. Let us hope that the publication in certain American papers of a translation of the "Dream Story of the Japanese-American War" with false editorial statements, forms no part of an anti-Japanese propaganda engineered by any foreign power.

K. K. KAWAKAMI.

Author of "American-Japanese Relations," "Asia at the Door," etc.

SONG.

If love were not, the wilding rose
Would in its leafy heart enclose
No chalice of perfume;

By mossy bank, in glen or grot,
No bird would build, if love were not,
No flower complacent bloom.

The sunset clouds would lose their dyes,
The light would fade from beauty's eyes,
The stars their fires consume;

And something missed from hall and cot
Would leave the world, if love were not,
A wilderness of gloom.

—*Florence Earle Coates, in Atlantic Monthly.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

PEACE LECTURES BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES

October 15.—Penn College, Oskaloosa, Iowa.
November 4.—Iowa College, Ames, Iowa.
November 5.—Grinnell College, Grinnell, Iowa.
November 7.—Iowa State University, Iowa City, Iowa.
November 8.—Ames High School, Auditorium, Ames, Iowa.
November 17.—9 a. m., Alton High School; 8 p. m., Public Meeting down town, Alton, Ill.
November 22.—University Convocation, Madison, Wis.
December 2.—Denver, Colo.
December 7.—Danville, Ind.
1916—
January 6.—Ashland, Neb.
January 7.—Wayne, Neb.
February 28—Arlington Heights, Ill.
March 1.—Decatur, Ill.
March 2.—Granite City, Ill.

THE SECURITY LEAGUE MEETING—OBSERVATIONS OF A SPECTATOR

With militiamen in gaily colored uniforms, with bugles resounding every few minutes, and three grizzled old soldiers, the remnant of a fife and drum corps that had done service in the Civil War, the stage was set for the opening meeting of the Security League in Orchestra Hall. This was also the enticement offered to several hundred men casually passing the building to enter the hall where a small gathering had assembled to discuss the military needs of the United States. The size of the audience fell below expectation, and it took a great deal of solicitation on the part of the uniformed militiamen to induce the crowd attracted by the bugle calls and the beating of the drums, to enter upon an invitation for "free seats, good music and splendid talks." Nevertheless, there remained large gaps in the audience and many empty seats on the stage, but the emptiness in space was filled with the music of a fifteen-piece orchestra playing patriotic airs and supplying the applause for the speakers. Yet the splendid setting of the surroundings failed to move the audience, and the outburst of patriotism did not come until the three grizzled old soldiers, tramping to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia," crossed the stage accompanied by the buglers of the State Militia. At this "psychological" moment a large flag, which had been hidden away from sight, fluttered down about the heads of the gray haired veterans. It was then that the artificial stimulant became effective, and the audience speaking through the presiding officer, a colonel, realized the military needs of our country!

The first speaker of the evening, Judge Jacob M. Dickinson, a former Secretary of War, quoted and misquoted great men, from Christ to Wilson, who had glorified the military deeds of nations. "The immutable law of *self-preservation,*" said he, "is the law of nations as well as of individuals. Our country cannot shirk the *responsibility* of a first-class power." But he did not explain the peculiar relationship of *self-preservation* and *responsibility*. To the psychologized audience it could only mean *arm* and *fight*. "Our country's richness," he explained, "is an invitation to all foreign powers. Our interests in Porto Rica, Panama, the Hawaiians and the Philippines attract selfish nations." But not a word did he say that it was our selfishness which made us seize Panama. He did not speak of the modern way, moreover, of avoiding friction by neutralizing the Canal or opening isolated islands as coaling stations on equal terms to all nations. He advised, however, to leave these matters to experts, military experts, for they alone understand how to handle these problems, as is so remarkably illustrated by the military experts of Europe. For the furtherance of this expert European method he advocated the development of military science in this country. He urged military training to instill obedience, dicipline, respect for law and uprightness. "Mob law," said the Judge, "cannot live under military law." And I thought of Lusitania, of Louvain, of Poland, of Armenia, of South Africa, and Sherman's March to the Sea. These achievements, history relates, were executed under military authority. The audience was also informed that during the Civil War, while the Judge was then on the "other side," the war would have been less bloody had there been military training. And I said to myself, "Well, Judge, you are on the 'oher side' of this question, too." But the patriotism of the speaker was not without exemplification, for with his dramatic ability he uttered at the close of his address the famous saying of Decatur, "Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."

In the next speaker, Harry Pratt Judson, President of the University of Chicago, I anticipated some hope, for here, I thought, is an educator, a moralist and a famous scholar, and no doubt he will lead the way to an unselfish and ideal conclusion. He spoke of his experiences in China. "Can America," he said, "afford to be a helpless China?" But he startled his audience with the information that the Atlantic Ocean had been annihilated by science, and that it was but a question of strategy for an European army to see the sights of New York and Washington. "Did it not happen in 1812?" he asked. And the learned scholar also quoted from experts, from teachers and philosophers, his greatest authority being He who said "When a man guardeth his palace his goods are in peace." And here a fellow listener whispered to me, "Is that the President of Chicago University?" and I replied, "Yes." "Well," was the answer, "he has less ideals than I, and I am merely an uneducated workingman."

Judge Cutting, the closing speaker of the evening, was awarded a ripple of applause when he uttered, "We want peace," but a thunder of applause greeted him when he quoted Kipling, "The time is coming when some one will plunder your rich country. Will you permit it to be plundered?" He then read a splendid dissertation on "The animal in us can only be met by animal force."

This in short is the idealism of a former cabinet member, a great university president and a distinguished judge. And as the crowd was slowly winding its way out to the tune of "Dixie," I wondered what the appeal to this tribal patriotism and fighting instinct, the curse of international suspicion and the coincidence of war scares and armed preparation would lead us to. Will patriotism give justice or will it demand justice?

ALFRED W. KLIEFOTH.

THE VOICE OF THE LITTLE PEOPLES

(Continued)

These interesting views are expressed by the editor of the Freeland (Cal.) *Asbarez*:

"We Armenians are decidedly pro-Ally, for the obvious reason that Germany, a highly civilized country, is manifestly doing all in her power to perpetuate the abominable Turkish murderous régime which the Allies are trying

to extirpate forever. While much is said and written derogatory to the Britannic 'rule of the waves,' yet we believe that wherever the English flag has flown equity has been administered and the condition of subject-peoples vastly improved. We do not know much about Hindustan, but we do know something tangible from the evidence of our compatriots resident in Egypt, namely, that the Egypt of today is politically, socially, and financially better than ever it was in the days of the old Egyptian rulers. We hold similar views about the French people, whose realistic literature and artistic tendencies we have endeavored to emulate. In many things, indeed, France stands as our ideal. . . .

"Owing to the peculiar geographical position of Armenia and its fanatical Mohammedan neighbors, we have to choose the lesser of two evils, that of becoming a part of Caucasia under a Russian protectorate, in the hope that the Allies will ultimately guarantee to the smaller border nations an autonomous form of government. To this end, the Armenians scattered all over the world—about four million of them—are giving their volunteers, their money, and their prayers for the success of the Allied arms."

Turning to the Arabic papers, we find that they are mainly published in the interests of Syrian Christians. The New York *Al-Hoda* says:

"We like German people as German people, but we can not approve of the selfishness and arrogance of the war-party, headed by the reigning dynasty. Most of us here in America believe in the American principles of freedom, humanity, justice, and uprightness, so who can blame us for sympathizing with the Allies when they know that Germany gave the cruel Turks full authority to make another Belgium of our poor Mount Lebanon? They took away our autonomy, exiled our leaders, extorted our money, hanged our priests and other notables, and committed abominations which can not be written in letters."

The editor of the Arabic monthly magazine, *The New World*, of New York, says:

"The bulk of our readers come from the plains and highlands of Syria. Their very existence as a Christian people in the heart of a fanatical Moslem Empire is due to the protection given to them by Russia and France against Mohammedan aggression. They are indebted to these two nations, and also to England, for many institutions of learning, hospitals, schools, etc., and naturally they are pro-Ally. They have suffered so much at the hands of the Turks that their sympathies would go out to any and every Power that went to war with Turkey."

As a final example of the anti-Turkish attitude of Turkish subjects, we may quote the views of the editor of the New York *Al-Kalemat*, who tells us:

"As most of our readers are Turkish subjects, or ex-Turkish subjects, we assure you that you can not find one in a thousand who has any sympathy with Turkey. The Turkish Government is a tyrant, and as the Christians are persecuted in Turkey, so they beseech the Lord our God for victory to the Allies, and they look for that day at the end of the war when Syria, our beloved country, is freed forever from the abominable yoke of the Turks."

—*Literary Digest.*

BOOKS RECEIVED

G. P. Putnam.
An Art-Philosopher's Cabinet. Geo. Lansing Raymond. $1.50.

Babson's Statistical Organization.
The Future of Us Boys. Edited in the Words of Grown Ups by a Friend.

Macmillan Co.
The Japanese Problem in the United States. H. A. Millis Brunnel's Tower. Eden Phillpotts. $1.50.

University of Chicao Press.
University of Chicago Sermons. By Members of the University Faculties. $1.50.

Dodd Mead and Co.
Rabindranath Tagore. Basanta Koomar Roy. $1.50.

Thomas Y. Crowell Co.
Christianity and International Peace. Chas. Ed. Jefferson. $1.25.

Lonmann Green and Co.
18th Century Nonconformity. J. Hay Colligan, M. A. 80c Net.

A. S. Barnes Co.
Social Hymns of Brotherhood and Aspiration. Collected by Mabel Hay Barrows Mussey.

Pilgrim Press.
Geo. Augustus Gates, A Brief Biography. Isabel Smith Gates.

Sherman, French and Co.
The Will of Ethics. Theophilus B. Stork.

Hodder and Stoughton.
India and the War. Lord Sydenham of Combe.

Bobbs-Merrill Co.
The Brown Mouse. Herbert Quick. $1.50.

Ariel Publishing Co.
Smiles and Reflections. Sheldon Cornelius Clark.

American Unitarian Asso.
War and the Breed. David Starr Jordan. $1.35.

Wilmarth Press.
England and Germany. Frank Harris.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

As I have withdrawn from official connection from the American Unitarian Association, I would request my correspondents and friends to send any letters of a personal character, or which relate to the International Congress of Free Christians and other Religious Liberals and the National Federation of Religious Liberals, the secretaryships and general care of which I shall retain to me at my residence, No. 165 Hunnewell Avenue, Newton, Mass. Mail matter sent to No. 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., will reach me but may involve some delay.

CHARLES W. WENDTE.

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